Chauncy Place

October 19. 1841.

Dear Emma,

I meant to have sent your gown yesterday. I walked up to Miss Watsons in imminent danger from the rain to get it, but it was not finished, would not be done till to day. I sent Miss W. a message about Lucia's, but all the grace I could obtain was that she might have it in just a week. Next Monday afternoon at 3 I am to send for it. Now if Lucia thinks it best, perhaps while I am in town, I could do some thing about making the purse. Lucia may blame me for not seeing Miss W. but as she was engaged up stairs I did not think it best to force my way into her presence. I sent her as strong a request as I could through her handmaid. I shall send your gown by Linfield this afternoon. I came from Sylvia Ware's at the 4 o'clock omnibus Saturday afternoon, leaving I think a poor shiftless household behind me. I never saw a more wretched object than Elizabeth nor a lazier one than Sylvia. I spent last night at Poplar St, came to C. Place in the morning, went to Mr Pierpont's church, heard him preach a good sermon, dined at Chauncy Pl, in the afternoon went with Mary I knew not to hear Mr Furness at the Marlboro, did not like him any better than when I heard him 8 years ago

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went back to Newcastle & staid the night left there Monday morning for good, came to B. Marie I prepared my petitions & then went through Arch St, Winthrop & Otis places, got 3 names, went to Miss Coates's & Mrs Merriam in the afternoon got $2 from Mrs Merriam for Mrs Briggs. Now this morning I am off again down Summer St. I never hated to go so before. I have saved a little bit for you to do when in town. Mary very politely asked me to play here this afternoon the Church Convention, but I told her that as you & Emma were coming in to Mrs Southwicks' at that time, I could not. Mr Spear was here last evening & engaged himself, bona fide, to argue his case. Will you go to my supper dinner & take from there two letters in Newmeter's hand writing addressed to women at the South and a letter to the same effect by Deborah P. Palmer. Send me these by Marie, in case I should find any chance to send them to the Women's Convention at George Wm. Don't forget this. Wm Jerry's affairs seem to be going on pretty swimmingly. I wonder if there is nothing in the brick Mamba Mud could give her. She seems at present to be a son of "Israel".

adieu for the present. A. W. W.

2 P. M. I have just got in worn out entirely. I have been at Sumner St, Sleigh 82 sts & did a great deal, got 7 or 8 names.

No steam ship as yet. If Maine is not coming in tomorrow, or coming from Halifax, by to send these letters some other way, tho' I do not know as it is worth while to send them by Norge?

Miss Emma F. Weston.

Weymouth.

per Wenaguscot.

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